

HALL MURDER SHOTS, WOMAN'S CRIES, SLUGGING, DESCRIBED BY PIG WOMAN

Lying on Bed in Court, She Identifies Widow And Her Two Brothers

By JACK MILEY

GRAPHIC Staff Correspondent

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Nov. 18.—The shaking hands of a sick woman, prone on a cot, sought this afternoon to place the yoke of guilt about the shoulders of the three persons on trial here for the murder of the Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills.

Brought on a stretcher from Jersey City Hospital, Mrs. Jane Gibson, the "pig woman," declared she had seen Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall and her brothers, Willie and Henry

time she identified the man as Henry Carpender.

The latter, who had been brought into the courtroom through the underground passage from the jail, walked over to the side of the cot.

"He was the man."

As the witness uttered these words, Carpender returned to his seat.

Plunge Into Her Past

Unable to shake this part of the story, defense counsel plunged into the past of Mrs. Gibson. Senator Clarence Case tried to bring out that she was known under many names at various times, and had had numerous love affairs.

One after another the defense counsel detailed the men with whom he sought to show she had been intimate. But the "pig woman" denied the accusations as rapidly as they were flung at her.

The "pig woman" was examined by Senator Simpson.

Q. On September 14, 1922, what

Pig Woman, Pale but Grim, Whispers Her Story to Hushed and Tense Court

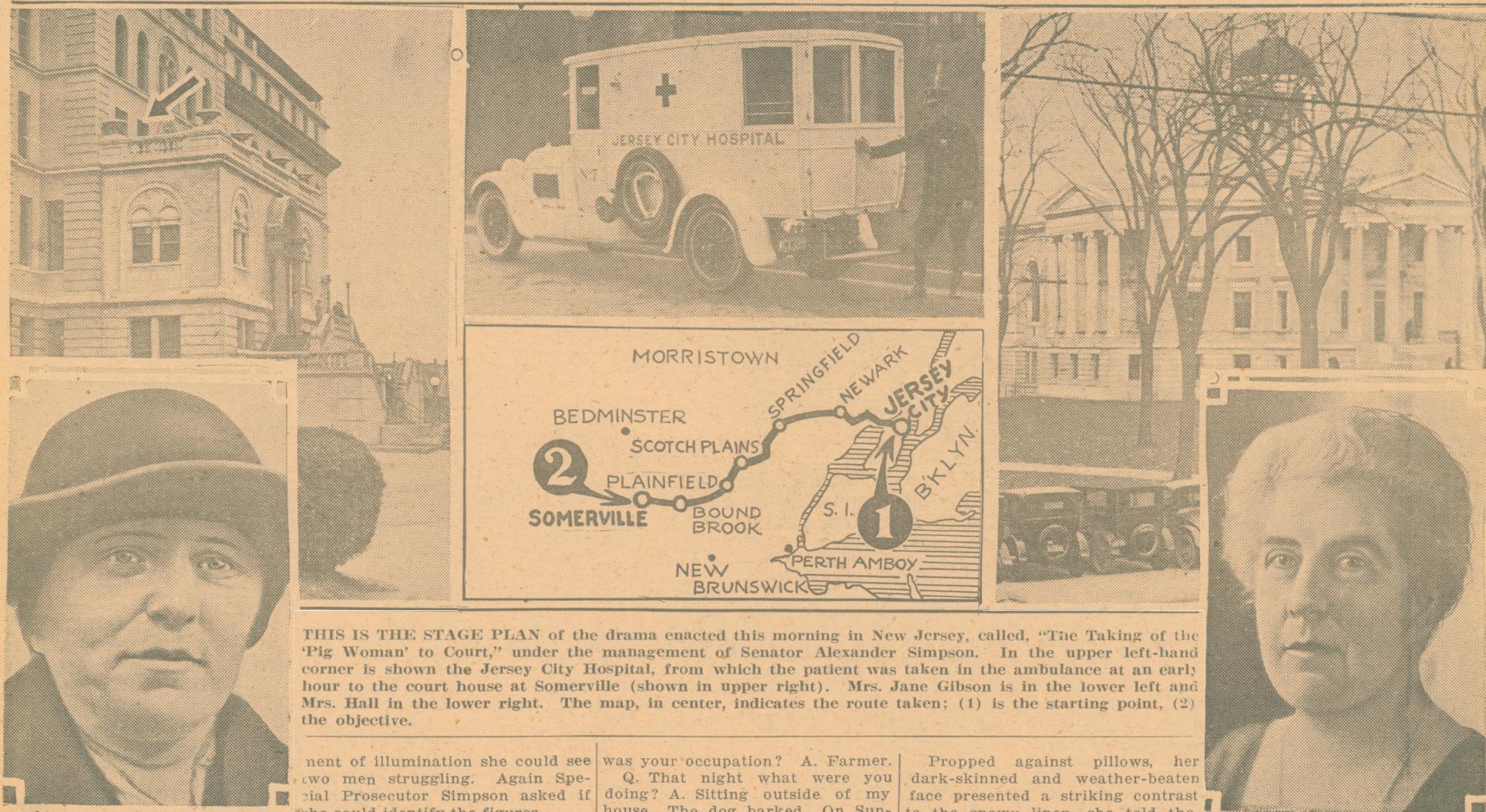
By ROBERT H. McNAMARA

As Reported by LEO J. CASEY

GRAPHIC Staff Correspondent

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Nov. 18.—A tired and faded woman, gasping hard for breath, lay inert on a cot in the court house here today and raised her thin voice in what the State believes may be the requiem for at least three persons.

Like a grim specter, Mrs. Jane Gibson, the much exploited "pig woman," figuratively pointed a wan finger of guilt at Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall and her brothers, Willie and Henry Stevens.



THIS IS THE STAGE PLAN of the drama enacted this morning in New Jersey, called, "The Taking of the 'Pig Woman' to Court," under the management of Senator Alexander Simpson. In the upper left-hand corner is shown the Jersey City Hospital, from which the patient was taken in the ambulance at an early hour to the court house at Somerville (shown in upper right). Mrs. Jane Gibson is in the lower left and Mrs. Hall in the lower right. The map, in center, indicates the route taken: (1) is the starting point, (2) the objective.

ment of illumination she could see two men struggling. Again Special Prosecutor Simpson asked if she could identify the figures.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gibson. "One was Henry Stevens."

Shot Shatters Stillness

A shot shattered the stillness. She ran for the mule she had ridden to the farm, as a woman screamed. Mounting her beast, she heard three more shots. She hurried home, but on reaching there discovered that in her flight she had lost a moccasin.

Returning to the farm, she saw a white-haired woman kneeling down as if in prayer. Once more, Simpson wanted to know if she could identify this person.

"Yes," reiterated the witness, "it was the woman I had seen earlier in the evening—Mrs. Hall."

Then followed questions and answers concerning the alleged activities of Felix Di Martini, the private detective engaged by Mrs. Hall soon after the murders. According to the "pig woman" Di Martini told her it would be to her benefit to keep out of the case.

Under cross-examination, Mrs. Gibson was interrogated about testimony she had given at the preliminary hearing in August, when she had said she "saw something glitter and a man's face." At that

was your occupation? A. Farmer.

Q. That night what were you doing? A. Sitting outside of my house. The dog barked. On Sunday I had been robbed of 14 rows of corn. I was listening for thieves.

Q. What did you do? A. I followed on Jennie, my mule, to De Russeys Lane. The mule brayed as I reached De Russey's Lane and I fell back.

Q. When you heard the dog bark what did you do? A. I went outside, walked down to where the dog barked, then I came back and sat in my swing.

Sees Two in Auto

Q. What did you see? A. A bus passed. Then a wagon stopped in my cornfield—a rickety old wagon.

Q. What did you see then? A. An auto came in the lane with

(Continued on Page 26)



Judge Parker

Willie Stevens

Propped against pillows, her dark-skinned and weather-beaten face presented a striking contrast to the snowy linen, she told the story which for four long years had rankled in her mind—the story upon which New Jersey seeks to send the three defendants to the electric chair, or at least prison.

And in its telling Mrs. Gibson realized the thrill of one who boldly risks death to bask for a little while in the spotlight of notoriety.

State's Star Witness

With a supreme effort, in which she called into play every ounce of her reserve strength, she steeled her quaking body and troubled brain to carry on the role in which she had been cast—star witness for the State, seeking legal revenge for the murder of Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills.

The woman suddenly found herself transformed from a lowly farmer to a Titan of importance.

She realized her status and was determined to make the most of it. Calm was her manner, precise, although faint, her replies to the questions put by Special Prosecutor Alexander Simpson.

As she lay motionless, save for the quivering of her thin lips as they formed the answers, Mrs. Gibson sought to grasp her big moment.

No longer a despised proletarian,

her wraith-like voice purred its accusations against the patrician seated only a few feet away from her—Mrs. Hall. The lowly had come to strike down the mighty.

With the enduring pen of fate, intense drama was written into the proceedings by this woman of the pig farm.

And she held the stage—alone.

A heavy silence pervaded the excited spectators as they leaned forward to catch the story, which at one point became so faint the stenographer was called upon to read it from his minutes. Up in the closely packed balcony, the old clock's tick, tick, sounded like the pulse beat of a slow-ebbing life.

Rigid Jurymen

The jurymen, grim of face and gripped by the intenseness of the situation, sat with eyes riveted on the emotionless face which showed above the white sheets. They might have been cut from marble, so rigid was their poise.

Mrs. Hall, like her brothers, appeared to take the proceedings with her accustomed calmness. Once, she smiled. That was when Mrs. Gibson asked that the defendant's

(Continued on Page 16)